THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUGKY

glossy warmth of our approval; there is not a symptom of flabby apathy in our artistic joy. Sarah is still mighty; Sarah is ever electric; Sarah is persistently and landslike. Sarah is persistently and

what a marver of a woman. There are something uncanny in her defiant indifference to time. It is grewsome. Here are we—ordinary, common or garden mortals—bowing submissively to the inevitable in-bowing submissively to the inevitable in-bowever, does as she likes, and "izey!" had bowing submissively to the inevitable invasion of the years, changing mentally, physically, with each decade that passes, while this cerie, incomprehensible Sarah stands still and snaps her bony fingers at the mortal question. I don't like it, really I don't. There is something more than meets the eye in Sarah's insistent juvenescence. Compare her with the stage women of her age and you'll notice the absurd and incongruous difference between absurd and incongruous difference between | What would New Yorkers have said if in them. Patti looks young, to be sure, but stead of Siddharta, Sarah had tantrum-ed she has her music transposed to lower around the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage? keys, and you never hear of her doing Imagine her asking for a kiss from that anything new. Modjeska gets tired at rehearsals, and is making a fond farewell of America; Ellen Terry, exquisite "heavy gnarled branches" on the mountain

ARAH BERNHARDT need not nish Sarah with a cyclonic third act. The be afraid. Her belief that the pretence of mysticism, of Buddhist pictures taste of New York had changed, and all that sort of thing is laudable, but on account of the failure here of the exquisite Bejane, she has probably discovered to be unfounded. New York has changed no more for Sarah many mere men, created for her by Sardou. than Sarah has changed for New New that in "Izeyl" she was pleased to find a York. There are no wrinkles upon our apvertable Siddharta, founder of the Buddhpreclation; there are no gray hairs in the ist faith, waiting for her siren-cries. She

medibly—Sarah.

What a marvel of a woman! There is founder upon the shrine of Sarah-ism, and as

and sympathetic as she still is, neverthetop, and trying to lure the courtesan from less betrays huskiness and occasional evidences of fatigue.

Sarah laughs at all this clay-like mutability. She is as restless and as energetic as ever. She would play "Izeyl," with its exacting passion-episodes, three times a day if there were "money in it." There are no Nethersole airs about Sarah. You never see her coming before the curtain weak see her coming the condition of th would be better, for Siddharta has 2,400 years, and who do you think will re-

burn, and there is no excase for her toleration of his unseemly imperfinence. Imagine this Kilroy snooping about the tangled domesticity of the Newport or Bar
Harbor fashionables. Think of him nosing
around Belgravia or Mayfair. The type
is no radically improbable to English speaking people that I marved at the lack of some ment upon it. The meddlesome old man who cackles at afternoon tens and gossips in drawing rooms would be far more vraisemblable as a righter of wrongs, but for a full-grown, able-bodied man to pass his life presenting heavy veils to unhappy ladies and turning his back while their levers escene from the room is manufactured. Charles Frohman is never photographed, so that people with pictorial minds never should brought joy to the hearts of the Rintic's actors, and little Mr. "Abe" Hummel is more of a hero than ever. The case has been discussed in the dramatic agencies, at the street corners, in the "dramatic as the is unphotographed, received a letter than the camera, and Mr. Frohman, who is just as much unmarried as the formation of the hearts of t ladies and turning his back while their lication.

It was written in pencil, and it ran as notice"—as innocuous as a cup of fresh to observe the charge of the control of t

ing people that I marvel at the lack of com-

A WOMAN'S REASON

HE SQUIRE

OF DAMES :

NEXT WEEK

AT THE EMPIRE

although he is not able to interest us in pussy as that which crunches its bones Every pleasant afternoon I go down town the senseless heroine, Mrs. Dennant. Still, and awallows it with gusto. It's all merely from 4:30 till 5 p. m. and walk until 6 it is a "fat" part for him, and that is the difference between tweedledom and o'clock. It might be that you would find what the star actor covers. A silier char-acter than Kilroy I have never seen. We just as despicable as Mrs. Tweedledge Ebb-are asked to entertain ourselves with the smith, and not nearly as interesting or as

ty absurd.

How I long for the time when the insensate heroine of modern comedy shall have been sate heroine sate heroine of modern comedy shall have been sate heroine sate ance I made last October—one Sunday, early enough to know when you have a good enin the evening, either the first or second Sunday of the month. We falled to thoroughly understand each other, and I have regretted ever since that I was not more communicative with him. We walked to gether for two hours, but parted without understanding each other. Afterward, and all plans made for weeks of the season gagement that at the close of the season you will have to begin "hustling" all over again, starting where you commenced-knocked persistently back to the original point. But it is deplorable and melanched the contract in your chely for you with a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your chely for you will be a contract in your will be a contract. understanding each other. Afterward, pocket, and all plans made for weeks of when I had taken time to think, I imagined hard work, to be arbitrarily two-weeks'-I did understand, but alas! I did not know noticed into a season of possible idleness his name, nor he mine. From his conver- and impecunically. sation I feel sure that he was a theatrical manager. He gave me the impression generally knows what he is doing. If he of being a capable business man, and I am is ignorant, then it is he who should suffer sure he liked me. We walked on Fortleth street and stood talking by the Empire misenst, but that is the fault of the en-Theatre, where there is an alcove. If you gaging party, not of the party engaged. would like to meet me again, cannot you

speciacle of an unmarried busylody who is prying into the affairs of all the women he meets. There is absolutely no reason why he should break up the intrigue between Mrs. Denmant and Sir Douglas Thorburn, and there is no excess for her tolora, and there is no excess for her tolora, and there is no excess for her tolora. encountered that Sunday evening two little

When a manager engages an actor he

This decision gives the actors a new immeet me some afternoon? I hardly know portance, for it makes dismissal from mere caprice a legal impossibility. very thickest crowd would be the best. fellow with a contract in his waistcoan can make all his arrangements, domestic or otherwise, in the full knowledge that competency judged by a jury of his peers-can dislodge him. Most assuredly Mr. Hummel will be more popular than ever with the people of the stage, for this deision was the result of a doughty light. 'The Cadi' died years ago.

"An Absent Son" is the name of a play that, later in the season, will succeed 'Chimmle Padden" at the Garden Theatre, The piece was bought by Nat Goodwin in Germany. He wanted to play the funny old man. Since then, however, Nat has determined to be serious-in Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney-so that Mr. Palmer will present the farce. It sounds funny enough, and also spicy enough. It tells the story of air old man who for twenty years has informed his wife that in his early days he had an "affair," the outcome of which was a son. The object of his story is to secure money from his better half for the alleged support of the lad. At the celebration of their twenty-fifth wedding day the old man tells his liego Indy that he has decided to bring the young man home. Her o a daughter has fallen in leve with a math, who arrives at an inopportune moment, a. is of course mistaken by the wife for the . sent son. When the gay youth's mother appears h is instantly regarded by the wife as he rival. The absent son is disposed of later,

after the usual farcical complications have had full sway, and the play ends plausibly. Paul Potter writes that before settling down in London he is going to Germany, where he will superintend the Berlin production of "Trilby." After that he will return to England to write a new play. Potter declares that he has no intention of remaining away from America forever. He felt that he could participate more satisfac-

being on the spot.

Potter's royalties are so substantial that he can afford to "take it easy" for a few years. He may write new plays by the

torily in the European "Trilby" profits by

Everybody smiled at Crane's little speech at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Tuesday night, n which he set forth his indubitable inter ion of adhering to American plays and atronising exclusively American authors.
This always sounds well, and actors cannot be the frequently enough. But on the very ALAN DALE



himself upon us as an emotional actor. Oh, far more theatre-going than men-did not ye gods and thay fishes, how we suffered on like its flavor. Bronson Howard may thank Tuesday night when we saw him tackling his stars, that Charles Frohman did not

lo! and behold-he rewards us by inflicting | New York, because the women-who are the repressed agony act, and the martyr-lover scheme! It was a cruel blow. produce his Washington play. Amuse-ment scekers can find all their politics in the repressed agenty net, and the marty-lover scheme! It was a cruel blow.

For years Crane has been our happiest laughter-source. We went to him, in child-like confidence, for mirth, and we returned historic illumination, for emotional exposi-

"Ms drama have merely endeavered to fur. We have pumpered and period him, and leaver as it was, was scarcely successful in his amiable graces to excellent advantage. It, but declines to eat it, is just as naughty a

MR. KILROY

ZOENUSSETSON

